



SOME LITTLE FABLES IN RHYME.

The Day We Celebrate.

BEING THE FETCHING FABLE OF THE FOOLISH BROWN MAN WHO COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL:

A Brown Man from a far-off Isle came to this land to stay a while; and as the days sped quickly by there came the Fourth day of July; and loud and clear on ev'ry hand was roar of gun and blare of band, while noise and smoke arose in air about the country everywhere.

The Brown Man looked in great amaze at all the scenes that met his gaze, and wondered in his "heathen" way what was the meaning of the day. 'Twas Whoop! Hurrah! on ev'ry side and up and down the country wide; but why this state of things was so the "heathen" Brown Man didn't know.

"Why all this noise and lusty cheer?" the Brown Man asked. "It is not clear to me, and I the cause would seek. If you can tell me, haste to speak?" The man addressed let forth a shout that woke the echoes round about, shot off a gun and gave a whoop that roared from York to Guadaloupe.

"This is the day we celebrate the winning of a victory great!" the man replied. "The day of joys we celebrate with smoke and noise." "But why?" the Brown Man asked again. "A victory for what? And when?" And quick the man with glee did say, "Our glorious Independence Day.

"This is the day on which we fix to whoop it up for seventy-six. 'Twas then we said fore'er we'd be a people independent, free. That tyranny should never stand a chance in this beloved land. That's why yon flag floats in the air to scatter freedom everywhere."

"So yonder flag means all are free?" the Brown Man queried eagerly. "You bet your life!" the man replied, and echoes woke on ev'ry side. "We won our independence by heroic struggles, therefore I observe the day with pomp and show that all my loyal pride shall know."

"But yon flag floats in my land, too," the Brown Man said. "But I tell you, somehow the meaning's not the same here and the land from whence I came." "Of course not, chump; that flag was sent with most benevolent intent. Now you hike back to Luzon's shore, and don't ask questions any more."

MORAL:

Whooping it up on Fourth of July Don't make that flag less a living lie.

Here and There.

BEING A FEEBLE FABLE RELATING THE DIFFERENCE IN THE TREATMENT OF VARIOUS KINDS OF CASES:

A bandit, fierce and brave and bold, once on a time did seize and hold in cavern deep and durance vile a free American a while. 'Twas on a far-off foreign shore—the bandit was a greedy Moor—and when the news came of the crime the nation's anger was sublime.

At once the wheels began to turn, and fires of anger fierce did burn to think a freeman should be seized and for a ransom tightly squeezed. The nation's head let off a roar that reached the far-off Moorish shore, and said, "Release him p. d. q. or I won't do a thing to you!"

He said: "It must be known, b'gosh,

that sort of thing with me won't wash. A freeman you must never drag to durance vile beneath that flag without some reason, which must be quite satisfactory to me." And thus he yapped aloud and said: "That man alive, or else your head."

Remember now, and don't forget, the cause of all this dreadful threat—a man imprisoned without cause on foreign soil—then slowly pause and ponder for an hour or two upon another case or two; and tell me if you can why they don't wake up Hay in the same way.

In our own land, beneath our flag, they seize a freeman and they drag him to a "bullpen" without cause and in defiance of the laws. They keep him there and pay no heed while starving wife and children plead. His rights ignored while men despoil the home he won by honest toil.

Because he joined his fellow men in union he's thrown in the pen, and kept there till some haughty chap who wears a glittering shoulderstrap deports him from his home and wife and warns him he will lose his life if he returns; that he will get a fatal dose of bayonet.

Why is it that in our own land the government won't raise its hand to guarantee a freeman's rights, but always seemingly delights to brag and boast what it will do across the ocean broad and blue to any man who dares ignore a freeman's rights on foreign shore?

MORAL:

Don't miss the point—it's just because Some men pay cash to break the laws.

The Chump.

BEING A LITTLE FABLE CONCERNING THE EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO PUT OFF THINKING FOR YEARS:

Abijah Chump—A. Chump, for short—was won't to rip and tear and snort and howl with all his lusty might, "Protection's just the thing, all right! We've got to have a tariff high on foreign goods so you and I can get good wages and not fail to have a well-filled dinner pail."

And each election day A. Chump into the ballot box would dump a vote for a high tariff rate, and couldn't see he paid the freight until the trusts grabbed country tight and hoisted prices out of sight. Meanwhile they brought to lowest stage Abijah Chump's ne'er too high wage.

They charged him double price, or more, but sold to those on foreign shore at lower price—and all the while A. Chump "stood pat" and wore a smile. "Protect me from the pauper pay of Europe," did Abijah say. And all the while they put the screws upon A. Chump to beat the deuce.

They soaked him on the price of meat and everything he had to eat. They soaked him when he bought a suit, and reveled in their golden loot. They soaked him early, soaked him late, and piled up fortunes simply great; and laughed with oily, unctuous glee when A. Chump's little vote they'd see.

Once in a while A. Chump would fret and dimly think he didn't get a fair share of the joys of earth—and then the trusts would shake with mirth, and tell A. Chump with laughter that if he was wise he'd just "stand pat." And Chump, with horse-sense

not a speck, would let them soak him in the neck.

A. Chump "stood pat" until he felt his backbone rub against his belt right where the buckle held it tight, and then he saw a dawning light. From week to week he'd never fail to whoop for the full dinner pail, but he was forced to give it up when th' bottom reached the cover's cup.

He got to thinking good and strong, and then it didn't take him long to see he'd been held up and robbed; that he'd been very neatly jobbed. And when he saw it he declared that if his life was only spared until election day he'd vote to take the trust grip from his throat.

MORAL:

When men begin to think it's sure The trust hold-up won't long endure.

Roll Call.

"Meat Trust!" loudly did Cortelyou cry,
The campaign roll in his hand.
"Here!" was the ready and instant reply,
And the smell of the fat beginning to fry
Pervaded the whole of the land.

"Steel Trust!" and loudly the answer came
As quick as the lightning's glare:
"Here!" and the caller marked the name
With the little marks which mean "the same,"
And some more of the fat was there.

"Coal Trust!" Orderly Cortelyou cried,
His voice in the key of "C."
"Here!" came the answer with great pride,
And more of the fat was quickly fried
For the use of the g. o. p.

"Railroad Trust!" then cried Cortelyou,
And swiftly the answer ran:
"Here!" with a cadence ringing true,
As the managers with abandon threw
Their fat in the fryingpan.

"Bank Trust!" loudly the name was called,
And the answer came straightway:
"Here!" And the bank trust gladly hauled
The goods they'd wrenched from a land enthralled,
And great was the fat that day.

Swiftly the roll was called, and all
At once to their names replied.
Not one there failed to heed the call
That echoed along the street named
Wall,
And oodles of fat was fried.

Called Down.

"Phew! This is the worst weather I ever saw," grumbled the fat man, wiping his perspiring brow and gasping for breath.

"Look here, sir," said the solemn man sitting across the aisle. "You were on this car on the 10th day of last January, were you not?"
"I suppose so. What of it?" growled the fat man.

"I thought so. It was a cold day, and you made us all colder by growling and declaring it was the worst day you ever saw."

"Well, ain't a man—"
"And on May 14th you were on this same car, growling because it was raining and saying it was the worst weather you ever saw."
"Look here, sir; I've got a right to—"

"And on June 3d you boarded this same car, kicking about it being such a backward spring and saying it was the worst season you ever saw."

"Say, you infernal—"
"And day before yesterday you got on kicking because the weather was too cool for the growing crops and say-

ing it was the worst you had ever seen."

"I'm not going to stand this," began the fat man, but the solemn man demanded silence and continued:

"You're always kicking and making yourself and the rest of us miserable. I have here a weather report dating back to January 1, 1834. Take it home, read it carefully, and you will see that on every day I have mentioned the weather has been quite near the average, and instead of being the worst they were from 50 to 98 per cent better than many other dates."

Thrusting the report into the fat man's hand, the solemn man left the car amidst thundering applause from the passengers.

The Difference

"This is the greatest government on earth, because it always protects its citizens."

"I don't see it. Did it ever protect you?"

"You bet it did. When that Turkish bandit captured me and held me for ransom the government used every energy to secure my release and an indemnity for my suffering."

"Well, when I was arrested in Colorado without warrant of law and thrown into a bullpen and refused a trial, I had to take it without a murmur."

This shows us the paradox of a government with an arm so long that it can reach across the ocean to protect its citizens, while that same arm is too short to reach half way across the country to protect a citizen.

The Day After.

Wrap him up tenderly, grease him with care;

Comb the burn fragments of his curly hair.

Easy now, mister!
Don't rub that blister!
Poultice the burns on his face wan and fair.

Sew up the rents in his badly torn clothes;

Put some courtplaster upon his poor nose;

Bind up the wounds in his legs, arms and toes.

Put him to bed, there to peacefully lie—

He was blown up on the Fourth of July.

Queer Case.

"Cheer up, my friend," said the visitor to Convict No. 6739. "You will have another chance to make a man of yourself."

"I ain't a worryin' about that chance," said the convict. "I'm worryin' about the chance I'm losin' by the injustice of my imprisonment."

"How do you explain that?" queried the visitor.

"It's just this way," replied Convict No. 6732. "I'm in here for seven years for runnin' a lottery, and I won't git out in time to register for a ticket in the government land lottery at Bone-steel."

Brain Leaks.

You can't keep close to God by getting away from your fellowmen.

There are some men so cranky that they would kick about the weather if they had the making of it.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door, but a lot of men are so busy grumbling that they do not hear it.

The most dishonest man is the man who is honest simply because he fears that he will be punished by the courts if he is dishonest.

A Fat Job.

"I see that Cortelyou wants a salary of \$10,000 a year for serving as chairman of the republican national committee."

"I'd rather take it on commission."